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VOL. 5. NO. 108

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JANUARY 18,

1862.

THUNDER AND SMALL BEER.

OR, THE HOMAGE OF THE NEW YORK CLUB TO THE WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

When the Cavours, the Douglases and Prince Alberts die in their prime, be sure it was not want of vitality, but the want of correct principles of Medical practice. In each of these cases a few doses of Brandreth's Pills would infallibly have cured the patient. Yes, I say infallibly, and I know what I am saying, and can produce evidence to establish what I assert.

Often in youth, just as we suppose ourselves fitted to fill some position of honor and profit, we find ourselves attacked by a supposed incurable disease. Such was the case of a young man whose remarkable cure deserves more than a passing notice. He had entered upon professional duties, when he found his energies neutralized by a continual

Gnawing, Dragging, Dull, Heavy Pain in his Left Side.

He consulted an eminent physician, who sounded his chest, lungs, and abdomen. Over the region of the pain was a dull sound, not like the ringing one over the other parts. He inquired the meaning of that dull sound, and was informed that it might be an adhesion of the lung to the ribs. "Is it curable?" "Sometimes," was the serious, ominous answer. He went to a college-mate who was a doctor. His friend examined him and gave his opinion that it was dropsy of the pericardium or sac or bag, in which the heart moves. "Is that curable?" "It is not supposed curable; but I believe Nature's constant tendency is toward a cure, and the object of art is to remove the cause of disease—that is, to free nature from those morbid matters that hinder its action. Go to Dr. Brandreth; he will tell you that his Pills will aid Nature to bring about a cure—and they may do so." This young man came; was ordered through a course of Pills, to be followed by another in a few days. He was admonished that, should he feel intense pain in the locality of the disease at any time, to take five Pills every four hours until the pain somewhat abated, and to drink very plentifully of linseed-tea, or Indian-meal or oat-meal gruel, or any other warm, innocent, cooling, lubricating drink. The pain did become intense after some few weeks' use of the Pills, and the above advice was strictly followed. When twenty Pills had been taken, and from twelve to fourteen hours from the attack of the intense pain, something gave way in the region of the heart with a sound like that of a pistol-snap. He laid his hand on his side, and thought he was about to die, but he sunk off into a sweet and quiet sleep, little thinking that he was cured of a supposed incurable affection; but it was so. He slept for ten hours, and then, though weak, got up and completely dressed himself. He found he did not favor the side. True, there was some soreness, but the heavy, dragging pain was all gone. In a few days he found his energies, spirits, and health all restored, and he realized he was a sound man.

A Cure of Pain in the Right Side.

Dr. B. Brandreth:

Dear Sir: Out of respect to you, for your Pills, and above all, for the good of mankind, I send you this short notice of my case. I suffered for two years with a severe pain in my right side, which was declared to proceed from the liver, by two celebrated physicians of this city, whose remedies I used, but without effect. Finding myself constantly growing worse, I was advised to take your Vegetable Universal Pills, which immediately relieved me. But after having taken them for two weeks, I felt one of my old attacks. I then consulted you, as you well remember, and you ordered me to bed, and to take four Pills every two hours until the pain should entirely cease; which I believe was most excellent advice, for I could scarcely breathe or endure the least movement of my body, so acute was the pain. After the first dose of the Pills, the pain grew worse; then I took seven Pills, and continued taking them in doses of seven, until I had taken thirty-five, when I felt a sharp pain as if a hot iron passed through my side, and soon after I passed a kind of fleshy substance in appearance, when I felt relieved, though the pain did not entirely cease for a week. I am now perfectly cured, and enjoying the best of health, being wholly a new man, and able to breathe and walk about as well as ever.

I remain, sir, your most thankful,

BENJ. EVANS,
172 Broome Street, New-York.

Thousands like the above.

The above case is a type of thousands, but how different the termination!

Widows and orphans suffer the sad consequences which Brandreth's Pills could often prevent. Limbs are removed with great skill which a few months' use of these Pills would have restored to soundness.

Epilepsy Cured.

Dr. Brandreth:

New-York, July 8, 1857.

Sir: A boy of mine was subject to Fits from his infancy. His case was considered hopeless by the doctors, who thought he would be subject to them for life. After they had given him up, I was recommended to try your Pills, and, without much faith, did try them, according to your printed directions. Four years ago I commenced giving them to him, and to my great joy and relief, he has had but one return only of his affliction since. I consider him now perfectly cured.

The extraordinary benefit they did him, makes me always recommend them to my friends, and I would be glad that everybody knew their value. The case was the worst possible; he would have been helpless and almost useless unfit for any kind of business, from the length and severity of each attack—often lasting a whole night, and leaving him, for two or three days afterward, entirely prostrate from weakness. Every kind of treatment was also externally applied that was professionally advised. You may therefore judge what good reason I have for letting you have this statement in acknowledgment for the benefit received, and for the purpose of letting those who may be hesitating under similar circumstances have my testimony in confirmation of the reliability of other certificates, and perfect confidence, like myself, in the value of the Pills.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN WEBB,
18 Beekman Street, New-York.

I can refer to numbers of persons cured of Fever and Ague, Rheumatic, Typhoid, and other fevers, even yellow and spotted. Any person who desires evidence shall be furnished with it without stint. We can prove that BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD, and that in doing so, they cure or modify every disease. Oh! that the world sufficiently appreciated their curative qualities. There would be fewer widows and children weeping for lost fathers.

Brandreth's Pills and Simple Maladies.

But while they cure extreme cases, they are equally adapted for every affection. If you are sick, use them. Suppose your child is sick—bowels costive, and out of sorts generally. Give one, two, or three; if no improvement takes place, continue the Pills. *Ten, or even twenty, won't hurt the child, but not being used, your child may die.*

It is the doubtful, the timid that suffer in sickness, die or have a tedious time, while the courageous and bold take a good dose of Pills, and get well at once.

While you are in pain, have debility, or in any way not in possession of health, USE BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They will restore you, because they have affinity for the

Subject Matter of Disease,

and remove it from the body. No man can appreciate them sufficiently until he has tried them. Their merits surpass all eulogy, and must be used, to be properly valued. Sold at No. 294 Canal Street, and No. 4 Union Square, and by all respectable dealers.

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As our Almanac this year wears a Military aspect, we will bring up the rear with some Drums, which, though quite hollow, are yet hard to beat. They are known to the readers of Almanacs as Conun-drums.

Why is Chas. Stokes' Illustrated Almanac for 1862 like a mansion of the Rebels to Beaufort?—Ans. Because the figures in it are all colored.

Why is the Rebel army so well supplied with officers? Ans.—Because so many "contrabands" have been left-tenants of the plantations.

Why are the customers of Stokes one-price store like chimney sweeps? Ans. Because they are always sooted in their dress.

What is the difference between the "Continental Hotel" and a suit of clothing?—Ans. The Hotel being too large, part of it will be rented out; and your clothing being too small, part of it will be rented out.

Why does Fort Walker at Port Royal harbor resemble Chas. Stokes' one-price clothing store?—Ans. Because of the great number of breeches within its walls.

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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McArone.

CHAPTER VI.

Grim and silent as the Egyptian Sphynx or an unlucky stock-speculator, sat Don Rantanquero, awaiting his doom. Already he felt the subtle poison gnawing at his victuals.

Ten hours thus elapsed, and great drops of deathly agony gathered upon his brow.

It was kind of rough.

Suddenly came a brisk ring at the bell, and a young friend of the Don entered . . . a young gentleman who was engaged in the study of medicine. He bore a neat mahogany case under his arm.

"Ah!" chirped he; "glad to find you alone; I want to show you just the neatest, nicest, most convenient, handiest little contrivance you ever saw in the world; an invention of my own, just patented; look at that, sir!"

Opening the case, he exhibited to the Don a very handsome self-adjusting low-pressure stomach-pump.

"Aha," said the Don, good-naturedly; "yes, I see. Very pretty very pretty indeed."

"Now, my dear fellow, let me explain it to you. You see, when it operates, I put the end in my mouth, so; then I open this valve, and close the throttle, which turns on this flange, so. Then I work this handle two turns back, to exhaust the air, and a single turn forward does the business. See? It is really a pleasant sensation . . . so different from the old-fashioned instrument. Ever been pumped?"

"No."

"O, then you must try it! It is splendid. Folks use my pump just for amusement. Children cry for it. No family should be without it. Get the best. Come, try a turn."

"No . . . thank you . . . I . . . I've been taking medicine."

"Sick? Ah, this will cure you. Better than all the medicine in the world. Come!"

Our hero was the best-natured man in the world. He loved to see science prosper, and recognized at a glance the importance of a good, reliable stomach-pump. His friend begged hard, and he yielded. In two minutes, the laudanum was removed and he felt that the shears of Atropos were not destined to sever his thread just yet.

On Monday morning he returned to his camp, at Richmond, well as ever, and plunged into the cares of business, to distract his mind.

Glorianna de Boom-jing-jing was retained a prisoner in the halls of Peter, at Mobile. Her insanity was pretty bad, at first, but Dr. Dixon, of the *Scalpel*, happened along that way, collecting and canvassing for advertisements for his somewhat maniacal but excellent publication, and took charge of the case. The result was that the fair dame soon recovered, without an operation, and the doctor acquired a wide reputation all through that section of the country.

Glorianna's first care, after paying the doctor's bill and thanking him copiously, was to arrange a plan for escape. Peter had cruelly denied her pens, ink, and paper, and Beauregard, who had now regained his normal condition, said he didn't think it would answer for Northern women to be writing to their husbands much.

Strategy, then, had to be employed, and Mrs. de Boom-jing-jing was pretty well up to trap. She procured a young girl . . . a poor white . . . and having written an affectionate letter, with full details concerning the abduction, a list of prices current in Mobile, the latest information as to Rebel movements, and other valuable items, upon the arms of the damsel, in indelible ink, blacked her neatly all over with burnt cork, curled her hair tight, gave her a pass as a slave, and sent her off to make her way North.

The result was, that Don Rantanquero was surprised, one fine day, by a visit from a very dirty nigger. He was about to send to Washington for instructions as to how he should dispose of her, when she went to a brook, washed her face and arms, took her hair out of curl, and revealed her color . . . a dingy white.

"What wouldst thou, fair maiden?" asked the Don.

She presented her arms, and showed him the letter written thereon.

He was beside himself with joy, and immediately made the girl a present of two shares of Camden & Amboy R. R. stock, the title-

deeds to the New York City Hall, a corner-lot at Scoby's-Corner, N. J., and a free pass to Artemus Ward's lectures.

That night, there was hurrying to and fro, and arming in hot haste, and preparation for all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

"What are you going to do, my General?" asked the young lieutenant of Light Quadroons who so narrowly escaped the battery, in the last battle described.

"Going to do Mobile," replied the Don, with a sardonic smile.

o o o o a o o o

Twelve days and nights had the dreadful cannon roared forth their thunder-notes, and smote the frowning walls of the doomed city of Mobile.

Twelve days and nights had a lurid pall hung over the trenches where lay the gallant band of our noble hero; and the sounds of the pickaxe, the shrapnel, and the gabion were heard mingling with the hot blast of war and the martial clang of the tom-tom.

Twelve days and nights had Don Rantanquero worked incessantly, without food or sleep, or a change of linen. His watchword was:

"Down with the Rebel's vile abode;
That town must fall, or I'll be blowed."

The most unimaginative reader will readily see that a hundred batteries of two thousand guns each, all twenty-eight-inch columbiads, rifled, throwing improved percussion projectiles incessantly, day and night, must sooner or later break away any kind of fortification.

Such was the case in this instance. At daybreak on the twelfth morning, the young lieutenant startled Rantanquero, who was shaving himself in the trenches, by announcing the joyful news.

"A breach! a breach in the walls!" he cried.

. . . Now the writer perceives that this presents an opportunity for a pun which few persons could resist; but the joke is really so stale and fishlike, that he religiously abstains from it. Will the reader give him due credit?

"Thank Heaven, Mobile's ours!" exclaimed the Don, and fainted.

On coming to, he appointed the lieutenant an officer of his staff, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

"You are not a French prince, nor a Prussian Count, nor a German Baron, nor a Magyar chief," said he, "but I begin to think it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a few clever Yankees among our staff-officers, for a change. You bring me good news, and by my halidame, you shall have this reward. Go to my tailor, when the fight is over, and get the gayest old uniform he can get up!"

"Meanwhile," said the lieutenant, smoothing down his green

Small Party (to Brother Jonathan, who keeps a very large store). "I TOLD YOU 'OW IT WOULD BE, YOU KNOW. CARNT GOVERN YOURSELVES, YOU KNOW, JUST LIKE THE BLARSTED HIRISH, YOU KNOW."

The Right Liquor in the Right Place.

Southern papers publish a note from General BEAUREGARD, thanking a lady who, in a truly Samaritan spirit, sent that impoverished Confederate a couple of bottles of "home-made wine," to wet the New Year with.

In allusion to this very appropriate gift, B. says in his note: "We shall have the pleasure of drinking it on New Year's day to your very good health and prosperity, and to the success of our sacred cause."

Not being a fool, we never tasted "home-made wine," ourselves; but we have a vivid recollection of a friend of ours being once brought home in a fit, upon a shutter, with symptoms that appeared to combine epilepsy, quinsy, cretinism and jibbering idiocy in a very remarkable form. He had been drinking "home-made wine."

We consider that "home-made wine" was a very harmonious beverage for BEAUREGARD's libation to the "sacred cause" and the New Year for the South.

The Chamber of Commerce.

Considering certain facts that have transpired, lately, respecting the queer Molly-put-the-kettle-on squabbles that occasionally take place in the above mentioned institution, we look upon that as a very happy translation made by a French friend of ours, who calls it *Le Chambre des Commères*. This may be freely translated by "Scandal and Gossip shop."

A Path considered pleasant by some.

The Homœopath.

gloves and calling his black-and-tan terrier," meanwhile, may I storm that breach and pillage the city?"

"To be frank with you, you may. If you see my wife, give her my love, and tell her I'll be in directly. Fare thee well."

"Adoo," said the gallant youth.

Seven times did he lead a brave handful of artillerymen to the imminent deadly breach, and seven times were they swallowed up in the sheet of flame that guarded the city. At length, some old fishermen were chosen from Col. SEARS's regiment of Shovel-nose Shark Sharp-shooters, of the Crab Squadron, and they, long accustomed to scaling fish, scaled the walls without difficulty.

The Rebels were naturally much annoyed by the intrusion of the lieutenant and his men, and played a very severe practical joke upon them. As the storming party rushed down the main street, a large band of Rebels approached with a flag of truce. They were permitted, under protection of the flag, to come close, and even to quite surround the Federals, whom they immediately assailed with bowie-knives and revolvers, so fiercely that but one was left alive.

This little burst of facetiousness provoked much laughter about the town, but the lieutenant . . . the sole survivor of the storming-party . . . couldn't see it. Being mad, he fought like a tiger, aided by the rest of the Federal troops, who now swarmed through the breach by hundreds of thousands.

It was soon after this, that the Old Flag was flung to the battle-stained air of heaven from the cupola of the Court-House.

For the particulars of this solemnity, the reader is referred to TOM BAILEY's celebrated epic, beginning:

"Here's to the hero of Mobile
The gallant and the true!
True to our Flag . . . by jimmenee!
Long may she wave; bully for you!"

(This poem . . . the whole of it, nearly . . . may be found in the back of the book. Also, in the *Independent*. Send in your orders early.)

After a clean shave and general fixing up pretty, the Don called a carriage and drove into Mobile. He searched a long time, high and low, till he found PETER, hidden in a show-window on the principal thoroughfare.

"Hound," remarked the Don, "thou diest, unless thou tellest me where thou hast hidden her whom thou persecutest and I adore?"

PETER trembled so that he shook out his front teeth, which were false. He was scared most to death.

"Come with me," he said; "ef yer mean Mrs. DE BOOM-JING-JING, I'll show yer. I only kerried her off for a lark. I didn't mean nothin'."

The Don kicked him. He went round to his back to do it.

"Show her to me," said he.

PETER led the way to dungeon where GLORIANNA had been imprisoned. A party of men were pillaging the mansion. PETER opened the door . . . the Don darted in . . .

GLORIANNA was gone . . .

A Long Look-Out.

They seem to be in a bad way with regard to almanacs, out in Wisconsin. A newspaper published somewhere in that region tells us of a gentleman there who "stakes his reputation" upon a prediction inferred from certain arrangements of the beavers and muskrats, to the effect that "we are to have a mild Winter, with prevailing winds from the South for the next six months."

It is pleasant to know that the Winter will be mild during a good portion of the Summer, a season into which people naturally expect to be carried some time within "the next six months:" but one's pleasurable anticipations are slightly alloyed by the prospect of "prevailing winds from the South," on account of the Bad Odor in which that region is, at present.

D. K. if not O. K.

Captain DRAKE DE KAY, Aid to General MANSFIELD, lately made a reconnaissance in the neighborhood of Beaufort, with about 150 men, and, as usual, they were encountered by a superior rebel force, by which some were slain and captured and the rest dispersed. This was what DRYDEN calls "Fretting the pigmy body to decay."

The Last British Performance.

The American Cussin'.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

THERE is no evidence that the primitive pieces of ordnance alluded to in our last were ever converted to the purposes of horse artillery. Indeed, the nearest thing to flying artillery of which any notice is taken in old books of military science, is the great windmill gun from which old-time cannoneers used to pepper their enemies with millstones. Some writers, nevertheless, persist in averring that flying artillery must have been known to the ancients, basing their supposition upon the fact of the *balista* being described as a "sort of Crow with a lever."

ANNICE MIRABOLUS, an old Flemish painter, has left behind him a battle-piece in which we find the first direct reference to horse-artillery. It represents a *mategriffon* drawn by a donkey. The *mategriffon* was a very complicated machine, the projective power of which was based upon the mathematical principle of the Archimedean screw.

In a curious old play called "Chowderre and Choppes," written by an obscure dramatist whose name was BUSSYCO, there is more than one allusion to the locomotion of ordnance by means of trained animals. "Limber up yer old *ribaudequin*, there and send yer half-starved mules to grass!" exclaims the THERSITES of the piece, addressing his playful badinage to a major of artillery. The *ribaudequin* referred to was a clumsy engine like a modern pile-driver, worked by means of a derrick and a couple of mules. It was borrowed from the French by BUSSYCO, who is said to have realized a large amount of theatrical properties from similar loans contracted by him with that people.

And here, apropos of our mention of the donkey and the mule, we must express our regret that the Secretary of War has not seen fit to provide these hardy and indestructible animals for the use of our cavalry soldiers, instead of the nobler and more sensitive horse. It may appear paradoxical to say that these men should not be allowed to mount on horseback until they know how to ride; but, really, if there is any faith to be pinned upon the principle of progressive education, we must record our conviction that a course of patent Spring Rocking-Horse would be the best initiative for our gay dragoon. For this harmless imitation of nature a live donkey might, after a while, be substituted, in order gradually to accustom the trooper to the responsibilities involved in the maintenance of a live animal. When thoroughly broken to the donkey, the rider should be promoted to a mule; his subsequent promotion from which obstinate animal to a horse, would be a blessing so great as invariably to induce that contentment with a soldier's life by which, alone, the camp can be assimilated to a happy village lying in the midst of Elysian fields.

Under the existing state of things, about one man in a hundred of our cavalry soldiers appears to be in full possession of his faculties when mounted upon a horse. The animal despises him, accordingly; and many a horse-laugh must go merrily around in the stalls, at night, as the noble animals reflect upon the results proceeding from the Fall of Man. Perhaps the Secretary of War would be good enough to consider whether the appointment of a Riding-master General might not be conducive to the organization of efficient cavalry, and whether General ASBOTH might not be the right man for the place.

Fuller Intelligence from England.

FULLER, formerly of the *Mirror*, has assured the Londoners lately that he fully enjoys the confidence of the American press and public. This is quite true, for he has been living on it ever so long. Nothing can perhaps surpass that confidence unless it is his present assurance.

A Cereal Conundrum.

Q.—Why is the lid of a meal barrel like a fall of snow?

A.—Because it covers the Ground.

THE SONG OF THE STONE-HULK.

I.

Time was, I roved the Northern seas
To chase the blubbering whale,
But now I lie in dreamy ease
To rest my poor old ribs and knees
. . . A Cell, but not a Sail.

II.

A number of us Calmly Lie . . .
JEFF D. is not alone . . .
And barristers who southward hie
Can comment, passing Charleston by,
Upon the works of STONE.

III.

Though old, I still am staunch and stout,
A store of Rocks have I;
My comrades and myself, no doubt,
With such a lot of Bars about,
Will ne'er get high and Dry.

IV.

The sharks, and porgies, and the whales
Swim by with look intent,
And ask if, when I Bent my sails
To lead the life this job entails
I followed out that Bent.

V.

Though DAVIS, spite of shame and sin
Masters the South, 'tis true,
To LINCOLN I my faith give in . . .
As I a Three-Master have been,
Two Masters will not do.

VI.

When cannon, against Sumter's wall
Shall roar in warlike sort,
I'll think, as howl the shot and ball
From frigates trim and taut and tall,
'Tis their but not my Forte.

VII.

So here in Charleston Bay I lie,
A part of War's great game;
To pass me, let no skipper try,
For though he Reck but little, I
Shall Wreck him all the same!

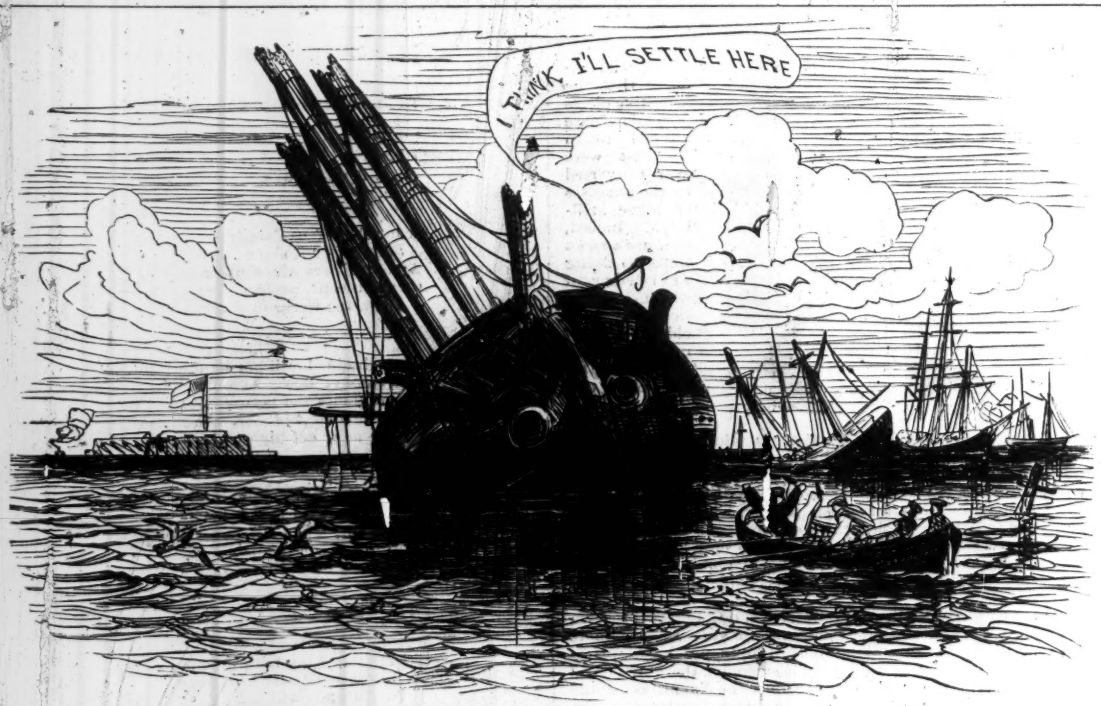
THE LATE LAMENTABLE SNOW STORM.

Last week there came a great snow storm which produced quite a perceptible effect. Most of the dailies gave it a favorable notice, and asked it to make itself at home and stay awhile, and try to scare up a little sleighing for the livery stable keepers. Most people, however, growled—it is a habit they have—and said they didn't want snow. Skaters especially inveighed—so did literary men with leaky boots and pockets, semi-circular spines, dim eyes, pale cheeks, a demand for cough lozenges, and loads of manuscript. Somebody in our hearing made a very violent proposition—he drew himself up to his full height, glared like a gas-lit thoroughfare, anathematised the snow storm, and declared that he would rather have a deluge of fire bricks, knives and forks, blood, cobble-stones, or Worcestershire sauce. The novelty of such comings-down might have made them more tolerable for awhile than the "old-fashioned snow storm," but we hardly think that a cobble-stone shower would find lasting favor with the community. If the Legislature would earn the gratitude of its constituents, it should take meteorological matters into consideration and try to regulate their phenomena, instead of spending time in planning schemes for gridironing New York with costly railways and adding to the expense of the great Park.

So the snow storm, you see, gentle reader, leads us to point a moral in a mild way—and morals are always advantageous to the public.

By a Spinster.

People express a great deal of sympathy for women who are Unhappily Married . . . but how about those who are Unhappily Single?



A SKETCH OFF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

VANITY FAIR TO THE BRITISH LION.

ILLUSTRIOUS BRUTE,

With respectful salaam,
Permit us to chant in your honor a psalm,
As open-mouthed, showing the depth of your maw,
And rampant, extending your prey-clutching paw,
You roar in your wrath, as great brutes only can,
For the life-blood of one whom you deem a "sick man."
Some lion! 'tis said take the war-path alone,
And then come the jackalls for offal and bone;
But you, cunning creature, lie close in the bush
While legions of jackalls are making a rush,
And presently rising with grinders displayed,
Would charge 'mid the turmoil they seem to have made.

Most politic quadruped, prudence like yours
That first looks to safety, our homage secures.
'Tis pleasant to know that the guile of the fox
Alone underlies those proud leoline locks—
That e'en in the flush of your rage and your pride,
You don't desire conflict with risk to your hide.

It once was reported, a long time ago,
(There *is* no accounting for libels, you know),
That like the distinguished old-fairy-tale Beast
Who won Beauty's heart at his magical feast,
You were *royal within*, and your form but a mask
For chivalry, honor—all manhood could ask—
In short, notwithstanding your rough shaggy vest,
That the heart of a man rose and fell in your breast.

The estimate wronged you—'twas all a *canard;*
You're the "cat-paced marauder" described by GERARD;
A worrier of flocks, a devourer of kine,
Untouched by one gleam of an instinct divine—
A big-headed, burly and bloodthirsty thing,
That watches the moment of weakness, to spring.

Type of old English pluck! while less scrupulous brutes
For fair play declare in their private disputes,
The "Lion of England that fights for the crown"
Oh folks in the midst of disaster, comes down!
And thinks as "the dew-drops he shakes from his mane"
That of all ways to strike, but the *safe* way is sane!

Proud LEO, your doings of late in your den,
Will make you henceforward the wonder of men.
No monster in Heraldry's queer caravan
Has been so distinguished since blazon began.
You ought to be trained through the world as a show
With some one to make you bounce, bellow, and blow,
And explain, showmanlike, how "this cretur, so gay,
When he sees his advantage walks into his prey."
Meantime, as is meet, you shall make the folks stare,
Who expect to see monsters i

Vanity Fair.

A NOBLE SAVAGE.

A Seneca Indian, who goes by the sporting name of DEERFOOT, has been astonishing the fast runners of England with his fleetness of foot. He ran a race at Cambridge, the other day, and so thoroughly distanced all competitors that our young friend the PRINCE OF WALES not only presented him with a purse, but actually shook hands with him. Only one circumstance occurred to mar the harmony of the meeting. It appears that the Indian's white name is BENNETT, on learning which, a young gentleman in the suite of the Prince, inquired of him whether he claimed relationship with the Senior Editor of the New York *Herald*. Instantly the Indian's eye flashed fire, and it was only by the prompt interference of those present that he was prevented from performing the scalp operation upon the curly head of his rash interrogator. These Indians of the Seneca tribe are a very ancient and honorable race, and are quite proverbial for selectness in choice of their company and connections.

Traitor *vs.* Tator.

The Richmond *Whig*, in an article censuring JEFF. DAVIS for throwing away opportunities, calls that pernicious person "the great Cunctator." From this it appears that Tators are sometimes served up with *sauce piquante* in the stronghold of the F. F. Vs.

A Subtle Combination.

A Milesian friend of ours, with that felicity of expression for which his countrymen are so remarkable, characterizes the unctuous pronunciation common to Ethiopian Delineators as the "burnt Cork accent."

QUASHIBOO BULL.

"Hurrah for the Brother of the Sun!
Hurrah for the Father of the Moon!
In all the world there's none
Like Quashiboo."

"Buffalo of Buffaloes!
Bull of Bulls!
He sits on a throne
Of his subjects' skulls;"

"And if he needs more
To play at foot-ball,
Ours all for him—
All! All!"

"Huggabajee, Huggabajoo!
Hail, Lord and Emperor of Bugaboo!"

VANITY FAIR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

DEAR YOUNG SIR.—A late unexpected event, deplored as a calamity by us in common with all other civilized Powers, has placed you in a position considerably ahead of that hitherto occupied by you, as the "Young ASTYANAX" of England. HOPE, having first sounded carefully the harbor of the British mind, has cast out her anchor in the Roads radiating from Your Royal Highness—roads that may lead to Honor or to Ruin, just as Your R. H. decides upon running them.

Assuming that you cherish with fondness the memory of those jolly times we had together, You and We, in that pleasant Autumn of 1860, when you drew so well here as a new sensation, we make no ceremony of conveying a piece of our mind to you. There is a rumor rustling on the wind from the East, and it hints that your habits are dissipated. True, that the suggestion arrives to us from a source not the most reliable in the world by a long chalk. It was the London *Times* that first threw out the hint, in that little didactic paragraph addressed to you on the subject of what you know; and as the inuendoes of that many-tuned barrel-organ were apparently chimed in with by the old Plum-gut-strung Lyre which affects thunder for us, here, we swallow the insinuations with more than one grain of salt.

In plain English, however, there is a suspicion abroad that Your R. H. drinks. It is not because we ourselves are virtuous, as we know we are, that we would counsel you from an occasional judicious repetition of "cakes and ale." That day when you so cheerfully assisted at the little blow-out given by us in our modest country mansion, we did not, as Your R. H. will perhaps remember, set you an example of contempt for the good things of life that abounded upon our festive board. If we had our Chinkaroras on the half-shell by the bushel, we flatter ourselves that we also had our Burgundy by the barrel. We bought our cigars by the box, for that occasion only; and the liberality with which tooth-picks were handed round was, as we well remember, the subject of a very handsome compliment from Your R. H., in the form of a gold tobacco-box.

Now this kind of thing, for once in a while, is not only commendable; according to our way of thinking it is necessary. Not the gold tobacco-box, but the little spree. But we should be sorry to think that Your R. H. did habitually go in for such out-and outers as that little Chinkarora business to which we have delicately alluded above. We have a sort of claim upon you, young Sir, and we want you to know when to pull up, and how to be apparently virtuous and respectable. Electroplate passes for gold and silver with the crowd. Be electroplated, then, and you will be happy; and even in this state of electro-respectability, if we may so term it, you can do much good service to this really respectable country from which we have the honor of addressing you, by disabusing the British mind of its prevailing superstition that we are all muffs.

Your R. H. knows, he does, better than we can tell you, that the brilliant and gifted galaxy of young men, some of them contributors to this journal, who so ably assisted at the little Chinkarora business already slightly resuscitated, was not a conglomeration of muffs. If wit is as good as gold—and we swear it is, except for the purposes of base commerce—you were surrounded with just about as *dorée* a *jeunesse* on that occasion as ever you had laughed and quaffed with in foggier lands. Native American Art was only tolerably represented there, and yet Your R. H. knows of a glowing landscape by VANSICULUS, and a sparkling *genre* by PINTADO, which—excuse us for the remembrance—may yet recall to you the graceful manner in which they were transferred to Your R. H. upon a certain festive occasion heretofore casually spoken of by us as the Chinkarora one. VANSICULUS and PINTADO are only rising young artists here, and yet Your R. H. will have the goodness to perceive that they are not muffs. You were so polite as to say—that Chinkarora night—that you did not consider our yachtsmen muffs. Art and yachting in America, then, have your approbation, and we hope you will tell them so in England, when your time comes. You heard a good many speeches from our public men, here—too many, perhaps—and we fear that you set them all down as muffs, accordingly; but, upon calm reflection, you will perhaps allow that only some of them were, and will instruct the British mind to that effect when you come to counsel and influence it. Your opinion of the literary talent of this country was of a favorable stripe. You hesitated not to acknowledge the superiority of VANITY FAIR to PUNCH. As for politics, the very first thing that struck Your R. H. as you good-naturedly remarked to us, was that we have about twice as much of the article here as you ever heard of in England. What did you tell us about lovely American Woman?—eh? When you went to the prairies of the West, you saw that the gardened lands of England could never furnish such wild and native field-sports as you found there. We have no fox-hunting, to be sure, but in that buffalo-hunt to which we treated your R. H. in the spacious grounds surrounding our mansion—the day before that Chinkarora night—there were glimpses for you of men who might "lead the flight" in Leicestershire if inclined to visit your great hunting-grounds with that view, and who will undoubtedly lead the charge, here, in the slashingest, cuttingest and most multifarious manner that the world has yet seen, whenever called upon to do so in defence of their country.

Dear young Sir, we want you, who have had some slight experience of America, to disabuse the rabid British mind of its green superstitions about us. That is one of the reasons why we had rather you didn't give yourself up to reckless dissipation and drink. The British mind, if slow, is eminently respectable, and we should like you to acquire influence over it.

Your considerate Mentor,

Vanity Fair.

BELLOWS vs. BELLUM.

It appears that ELIHU BURRITT, intellectually known as the "Learned Blacksmith," professes to have hit upon a plan for an amicable adjustment of all our difficulties, without any more war.

There are some who sneer at the mild and beneficent preacher of peace. There are some who go so far as to call even the mellifluent JOHN BRIGHT a muff. We have heard it stated that a Blacksmith who has too many irons in the fire is liable to sear his mauleys.

We hear that Mr. BRIGHT is on his way to visit us, in the character of a mediator—cotton sticking out at the seams of his mind, *pax vobiscum* dripping sugarly off the tip of his tongue.

These men, we believe, are excellent and sincere persons, both of them; but we are morally certain that they cannot tinker up our "difficulties," neither the Blacksmith nor the Brightsmith. To the one we will say that human nature is not a horse-shoe bar—to the other that human nature is human nature; and to both, that "there is no peace for the wicked," a proposition which covers a good deal of ground.

The Blacksmith fans fire into flame with his bellows; but the Brightsmith cannot allay the flame with his, bellow as he may. All literary persons attend. Behold how BURRITT brings the Blacksmith's bellows to bear upon the brand that burns all the brighter, while BRIGHT blows blandly upon belligerents with the benevolent bellows of JOHN BULL of Bashan, blending all the battle with blazes that are blue.

That's about the size of it.

We are afflicted about Mr. BURRITT, though: who, linguist as well as blacksmith, ought to have been aware that Bellus is not exactly applicable to Bellum.

Vallandighamism.

To aid rebellion day by day
Yet meanly clutch at Union pay;
To stand erect—a living lie
And seem secession to decry,
Still using against Law and Right
The weapons of the hypocrite;
To stand aloof from dangerous strife
And *back-stab* at the Country's life;
Concord to hate, and worship schism;
This, *this* is VALLANDIGHAMISM.

What do you think of this?

A YOUNG MAN, RECEIVING THE PRINCELY SALARY OF $5 PER WEEK and has only had his wages lowered once in four years, wishes to find some young lady foolish enough to marry him; beauty and money will not be sneered at. If agreeable, send photograph to H. J., *Herald* office.

Such a young man as H. J. is really dangerous to the community, and ought not to be allowed to room outside the walls of a mad house.

If the lucky respondent to his advertisement does not bring with herself "beauty and money," we think it is obvious that there will be a dearth of those articles from the commencement of the honeymoon.

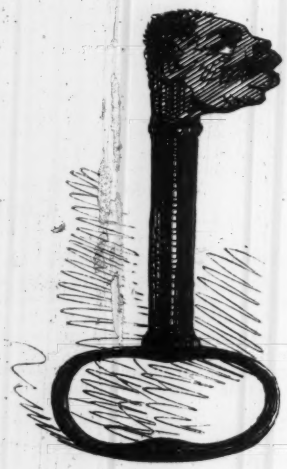
Perhaps H. J. looks upon five dollars a-week as quite a fortune—if so, well and good; but we wonder how many of the female kind there are who would offer to be supported by him?

Hard to Please.

The temperance apostles denounced the tea tax, though everybody knows it will prevent nine tenths of us from taking "a cup too much."

Breakers ahead.

Tossing amid "a sea of trouble" the Southerners are naturally in constant dread of being overwhelmed by the Serfs.



THE KEY TO OUR POSITION (VIDE LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.)

A PIOUS PEER.

For rank and religion, fortune and faith, position and piety, consequence and conscientiousness, we do not know any British nobleman who is the peer of Peer SHAFTESBURY, of Exeter Hall, England. He is one of those rare animals which may be called Platform-Peers. He is a sort of Perpetual Chair—though with little or no bottom; and at all meetings for the promotion of pure religion in Equatorial Africa and the distribution of moral pocket-handkerchiefs to the unregenerate gorillas, you will find SHAFTESBURY presiding, and putting himself down for one pound, one shilling. It was SHAFTESBURY, we believe, who hit upon the notable idea of sending tracts on shore, where infidels were blood-thirsty for missionaries, by enclosing the documents in bottles tightly corked—to the great exasperation of the wicked finders, who persisted in their preference of toddy to truth. It was SHAFTESBURY, if we are not mistaken, who invited Mrs. STOWE to breakfast—to defray the expenses of which, we trust that renowned lady will send him five shillings. SHAFTESBURY wears long-sighted barnacles, and is down upon the rascality of the antipodes. SHAFTESBURY is a deuce of a fellow after idols with seventeen eyes, seventy arms and no legs! SHAFTESBURY thinks that the American Union is the idol of the godless Yankees; and he is for putting out its eyes, and amputating its arms at once. "I," says SHAFTESBURY—"I" observes SHAFTESBURY—"I" remarks SHAFTESBURY—"I" exclaims SHAFTESBURY, with fascinating modesty and affecting humility—"I, in common with almost every English Statesman, sincerely desire the rupture of the American Union."

Modest SHAFTESBURY!" "I, in common with almost every English Statesman."

Christian SHAFTESBURY!—"desire the rupture of the American Union."

It is "statesmanlike," therefore, to "desire" anarchy.

It is Christian-like, therefore, to "desire" the bloody feuds of brethren, the contests of kindred, discord instead of unity, revolution instead of stability, want instead of plenty, weakness instead of strength, adversity instead of prosperity, and ruin instead of salvation.

Pray, what edition of the New Testament does this loving Lord SHAFTESBURY read?

But SHAFTESBURY shall have fair play. He gives his most religious reasons. He smugly says, in his own inimitably Pecksniffian way, and with all the unction of STIGGINS and MAUWORM rolled into one; "It has been the policy of England to brook no rivalry, especially in the direction of her own greatness." "We justly fear" continues the amiably timid dry nurse of the British Lion—"we justly fear the commercial and political rivalry of the United States."

Candid, SHAFTESBURY is at any rate. *He* doesn't mouth matters. *He* doesn't say "Good Lord" and "Good Devil," in a breath, but, upon this occasion, boldly sticks to "Good Devil," which doesn't stick at all in his throat. He desires a "rupture" of the American Union, for all the world like a maker of patent trusses; or just as a surgeon gloats with rapture over an icy pavement, which promises to bring a few lucrative fractures and profitable dislocations to his shop. He is as jolly as the proprietor of a patent physic when a charming epidemic has broken out. We are really beginning to feel a sort of affection for SHAFTESBURY—he is so candid. He desires "a rupture" of the American Union, but he desires it with a sanctified selfishness becoming a Christian nobleman.

"It has been the policy of England to brook no rival." Exactly so, Lord SHAFTESBURY! and that was the policy, too, of the Romans who crucified the Founder of the Faith, without which—think of it! there would have been no Exeter Hall for Lord SHAFTESBURY to air his religion in. That, too, was the policy of Lord SHAFTESBURY's ancestors, the Scribes—or is it from the Pharisees, that his Lordship is lineally descended? and very much a descent we think it would be. That, too, is the policy of His Hungry Majesty, the King of the Cannibal Islands. He would gobble you down, Lord SHAFTESBURY—and give excellent state reasons for it—without asking anybody to share with him your nice cuts and tender tidbits. And so, as you truly observe, England with her miraculously good appetite, would swallow us, "justly fearing our commercial and political rivalry." It is civil, at least, to give us warning before the predestinate deglutition commences.

The parting advice of VANITY FAIR to Lord SHAFTESBURY is to buy a cheap Bible. Or if there be no such thing in England—and we have no reason to suppose that there is—perhaps poor Mrs. STOWE, in consideration of free breakfast, and out of her abundance, will send his Lordship a second hand copy, with the text "Love one another" specifically marked.

From the Studios.

"There is going to be a skating tournament at the Central Park, soon," said CHROMIELLO, "and I have got a commission to paint it."

"Indeed!" drawled MANEVILLE in his dryest manner. "I should think that CHURCH, now, would have been the man for that, or GIGNOUX. They've had such experience in painting Ice, and Falls and things, you know."

Sick and Sore.

Among items by the late English mails we find the following:

"A body of trained nurses on Miss FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S plan were to proceed at once to Halifax."

Immediately after the above, comes this announcement:

"The *Army and Navy Gazette* says that there is a prospect of trouble with the Sikhs."

If there was trouble anticipated with the Sikhs, why were the "trained nurses" ordered to Halifax instead of Hindostan? It looks as if things were at sixes and sevens with England, ever since that little Trent business.

A Bad Match.

It has been calculated by an English writer, that the whole length of waxed cotton wicks consumed every year by a large London manufacturer of matches, would reach from England to America, and back.

This calculation is curiously suggestive of the cotton bond between England and America. LUCIFER sits at the English end of it.

Horse and Foot.

In depriving General ABBOTH of his position, the government have lost a valuable officer; for, being skilled equally as dragoon and foot soldier, he can always act As both.

Interesting to Cavalry Officers.

A music master in this city announces that he is ready to teach the "Lancers" in eight lessons.

"Is thy Servant a Dog?"

A writer in *Hall's Journal of Health* says: "Never carry anything in the mouth while skating."

A Dot which no Critic should omit from his i.

FANNY BROWNE as *Dot*, at the Winter Garden.

A FEW SANITARY SUGGESTIONS.

AN extremely amiable, agreeable friend of ours, who, from his infancy, has been subject to measles, hooping-cough, nettle-rash, croup, erysipelas, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, jigger, lockjaw, chiego, shortness of breath, carbuncle, tetter, lumbago, pneumonia, *delirium tremens*, toothache, bronchitis, catarrh, salt-rheum, chilblains, inverted nails and depression of spirits, told us, a few days ago, that he had partially got over several of these little troubles by following some plain rules found by him in an excellent publication entitled *Hall's Journal of Health*.

It has long been our opinion that the American people, as a nation, do not take sufficient care of their health. We are nationally, as all foreigners remark, addicted to reckless culture of muscle, regardless of the finer instincts which lead to the realization of large profits. There are but few of us who wear India-rubber shoes, warm overcoats and interior arrangements of flannel. Fewer still are those who carry umbrellas; and our houses and places of business are invariably regulated by thermometer to a maximum warmth of 60°. We all gallop around on swift horses, box, fence, play single-stick, kick foot-balls, climb greased poles, catch smelts, run foot-races, indulge in rackets, swim, shoot, stalk deer, and cultivate other manly exercises, instead of sitting round stoves with cigars in our mouths, intensifying the idea of business. We are one big WINDSHIP, in fact, and have been quite overdoing the muscle business, when we ought to have been cuddling ourselves up in warm dressing-gowns, and giving our minds to work.

The day for that kind of thing is drawing to a close: *Hall's Journal of Health* is going to shut down upon it.

Let us cull a few of the sanitary precepts from that valuable periodical. If we do not always give them in the exact words of the text, it is because we quote them partly from a memory to which they committed themselves unbidden. If we occasionally adulterate them with our own comments, it is because of our enthusiasm in the cause of humanity, of which the greatest blessing is health.

Hall's Journal of Health has an intense and well-regulated objection to fresh air. "In going into a colder air," says It, "keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs." Also, after skating, you are to "walk home, or at least half a mile, with your mouth closed."

The above direction is well-meant, but incomplete, inasmuch as it does not contain any clause respecting the length of the nose. In cases where that member is of unusual length and circuitousness, it is well to plug the nostrils with preserved ginger, which keeps the air aired as it passes through them.

"Never," says *Hall's Journal of Health*, "never put on a new boot or shoe in beginning a journey."

As everybody travels on foot, now-a-days, the above is a very important rule, and should be observed strictly. Indeed, so convinced are we of its value, that we never think of wearing our boots and shoes until they are nearly worn out, whether we are going on a journey or not.

"Never," pursues *Hall's Journal of Health*, "never sit for more than five minutes at a time with the back against the fire or stove."

This is a good rule, and should be observed by all persons except those who have neither fires nor stoves. Persons who are so fortunate as to possess these articles, would do well to avoid sitting *on* them for a longer time than that specified above.

"Avoid sitting against cushions in the backs of pews in churches," says *Hall's Journal of Health*. "If the uncovered board feels cold," continues It, "sit erect without touching it."

We, personally, owe the remarkable straightness of our spinal column to the fact of our always having avoided "sitting against cushions in the backs of pews in churches." Mind, now, we say "in churches." In theatres, and such other places, you may plant your back against cushions as much as you will, and come out all right and straight in time for oysters.

Here is a fine practical maxim promulgated by *Hall's Journal of Health*:

"Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten."

To this we have only one objection. *Hall's Journal of Health* neglects to instruct us by whom breakfast is to be eaten; whether by the careful person going to "begin a journey," or by his horse, or by his dog, or by all three in banquet hall assembled, or by others.

Upon skates, *Hall's Journal of Health* is particularly strong. "If the thermometer is below thirty" says It," and the wind is blowing, no lady or child should be skating.

We don't know about this. If the lady is "below thirty," and good looking, let her skate, thermometer or otherwise. If she is the reverse, let her slide.

The following professional opinion of *Hall's Journal of Health* will collapse the flues of those foolish persons who imagine that the goddess HYGEIA has an interest in Central Park lots.

"The grace, exercise and healthfulness of skating on the ice, can be had without any of its dangers, by the use of skates with rollers attached, on common floors; better if covered with oil-cloth."

By doing this kind of thing you will keep your lungs inflated with plenty of good stale gas, which is wholesomer than fresh air: but do not neglect to cover yourself with oil-cloth, as directed.

We think it is *Hall's Journal of Health*, but we are not sure, which states that a cold may be caught by spilling a couple of spoonfuls of water upon one's clothing. There is a curious principle involved in this, and it is the very same as that upon which a man may become thoroughly corned by placing a salt-spoonful of salt upon the top of his head.

It is to be hoped that our readers will follow carefully the precepts contained in *Hall's Journal of Health*. Thus doing, they cannot fail of becoming strong, and handsome, and good; though, of course, these conditions would be sooner attained by them if they could only be prevailed upon to wrap themselves permanently up in tissue-paper and live in band-boxes.

Refreshments for the Representatives.

Congress is terribly dull, this Session; Representatives want something to stir them up. We perceive that Mr. ALDRICH has moved in the House a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the amount of mileage due to members, and that it was laid upon the table. If members are to have mileage at the public expense, we do not see why they should not have drinks. The refreshments might be charged under the head of Smileage, and should be laid upon the table.

Highly Commendable.

Officer PARKHILL was yesterday arraigned before the Police Commissioners for trial, on a charge of "tickling a cat with a straw when on duty."—*N. Y. paper.*

In connection with the above it may not be uninteresting to state that on Friday last Officer JONES of the 22d precinct was discharged from the force for "blowing his nose in the open street," and that Officer SMITH, of the Broadway Squad, will shortly be brought to trial on a charge of "winking his right eye three distinct times on the day of the departure of the Irish Brigade."

We are glad to see that the Police Commissioners have taken these desperadoes in hand.

True for you, Sir!

A modern writer has finely said:

"Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities."

We suppose he does, sir. With this Professor's patent blacking for his head, and that Professor's patent blacking for his feet, we rather think that the modern elegant representative of "man himself" has got a good way into beginning to "Dye at the extremities," by this time.

Something New for Our Soldiers.

SHIELDS from California.